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DRAWING 28~

POETS

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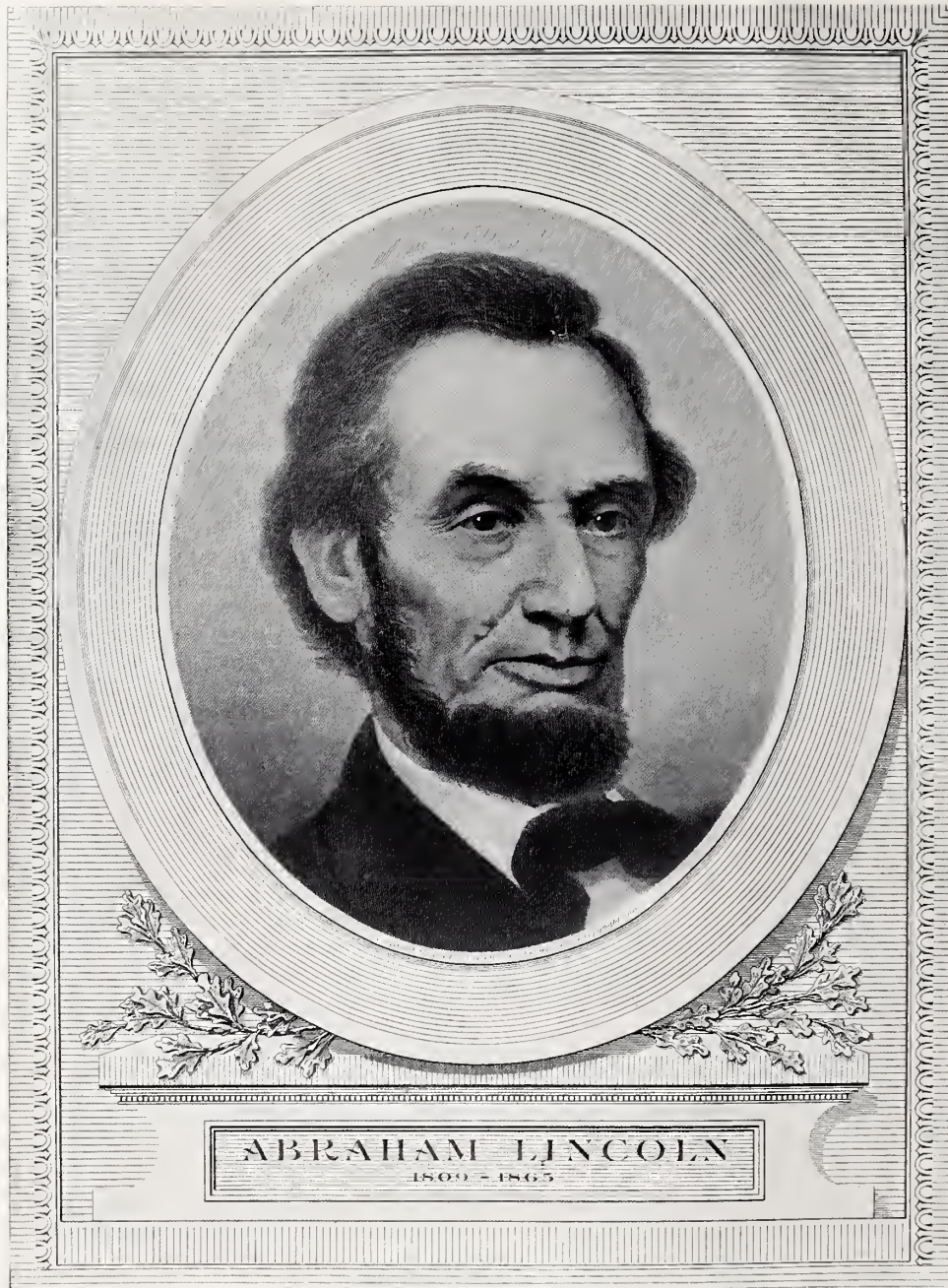
# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with T

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

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## Lincoln

By GEORGE E. TACK

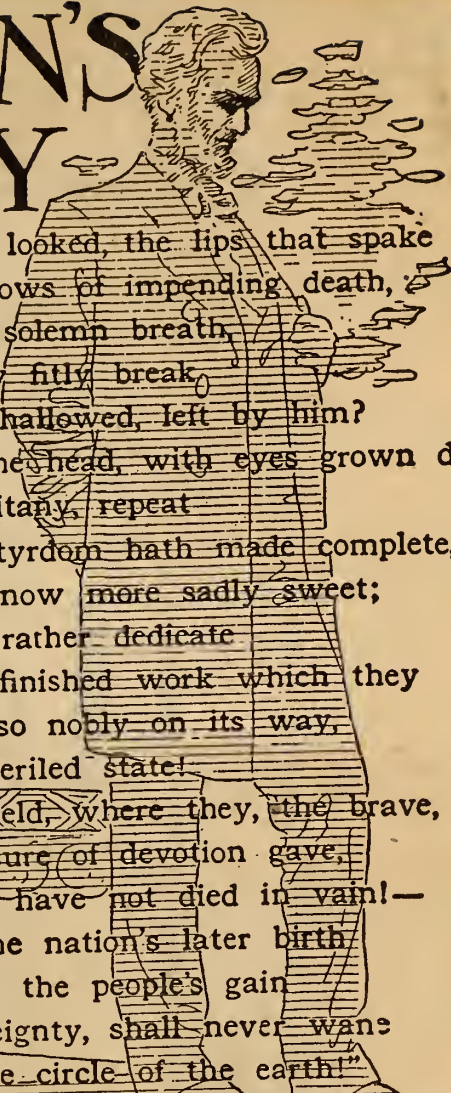
Life has great crises--each brings forth a man  
To lead, and guide, and cleanse the darkened heart  
Of Error's broods, that, serpent-like, upstart  
To strike the fearless in Right's noble van.  
And such was Lincoln, though his life began  
In ways obscure, apart from all earth's great,  
Its cities of renown. The cares of state  
He dreamed not of, nor after fleet Fame ran.

Yet him did Heaven choose, and much increase,  
With godly wisdom for the fearful fight.  
Patient he stood, nor did his vigil cease  
Till round him fell the shades of restful night.  
His martyr-blood yet nurtures fruits of peace,  
He was the fearless champion of God's Right.

*Original done Feb 1911*



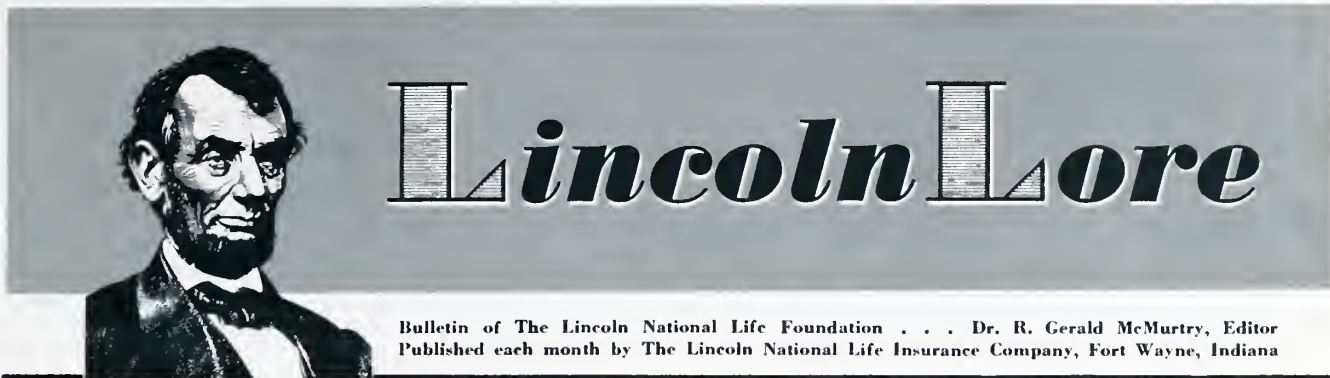
# NATION'S LITANY



After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake  
 Here, from the shadows of impending death,  
 Those words of solemn breath,  
 What voice may fitly break,  
 The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?  
 We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,  
 And, as a nation's litany, repeat  
 The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,  
 Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet;  
 "Let us, the living, rather dedicate  
 Ourselves to the unfinished work which they  
 Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,  
 And save the periled state!  
 Let us, upon this field, where they, the brave,  
 Their last full measure of devotion gave,  
 Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—  
 That, under God, the nation's later birth  
 Of freedom and the people's gain  
 Of their own sovereignty, shall never wane  
 And perish from the circle of the earth!"  
 From such a perfect text, shall song aspire  
 To light her faded fire,  
 And into wandering music turn  
 Its virtue, simple, sorrowful and stern?  
 His voice all elegies anticipated;  
 For, whatsoe'er the strain,  
 We hear that one refrain:  
 "We consecrate ourselves to them, the consecrated."

—BAYARD TAYLOR.





Number 1601

Fort Wayne, Indiana

July, 1971

## THE BALLAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Editor's Note: *The Ballad Of Abraham Lincoln* is the title of an eight page pamphlet, 10" x 7¼", published by Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, Massachusetts. The publication bears no date or author's name and is not listed in Monaghan's *Lincoln Bibliography 1839-1939*. The ballad of eighty-six stanzas was likely written in 1869 as the statement is made in the fifth stanza, "He was born a settler's child, just sixty years ago." Perhaps the ballad was not published until the 1870s. As will be noted, the cover title of the Foundation's copy is badly mutilated, but the item, nevertheless, is considered to have exceptional bibliographical value.

COME, leave the tales you love so well,  
Of fairy joy and woe:  
Another story I shall tell  
Of one whose name you know.

Like him who was a herdsman's son,  
Yet lived to be a king,  
His life the highest honor won  
Our native land can bring.

His arm was strong, his heart was bold,  
His deeds were wise and true;  
He did not live in days of old,  
But here at home with you.

And who he was, you can't forget;  
You've surely guessed his name;  
For all the land is ringing yet  
With Abraham Lincoln's fame.

Away in old Kentucky's wild,  
Where Nolin's waters flow,  
There he was born, a settler's child,  
Just sixty years ago.

From other settlements removed,  
The Indian tribes were near,  
And round his father's cabin roved  
The brown bear and the deer.

Ah! little sport and little joy  
In that lone place he knew;  
A rugged, tanned, and barefoot boy,  
A forest child, he grew.

One blessing, only, cheered his days,—  
A mother, pale and fair,  
With kinder heart and gentler ways  
Than other women there.

She knew her boy; by many a touch  
Of care and watchful love  
She did her best — it was not much —  
To guide him and improve.

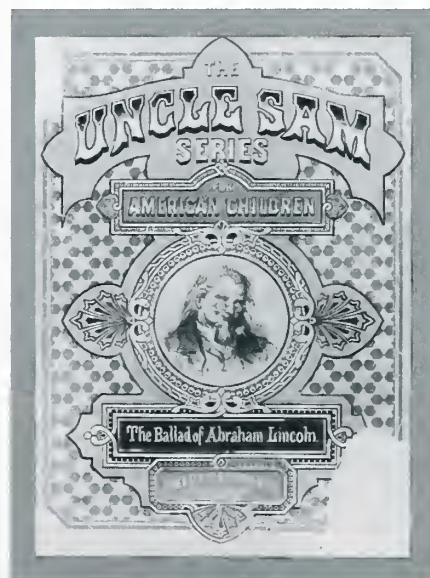
No schools or books were there, to give  
Instruction to the youth,  
But yet she taught him how to live  
In honesty and truth.

She taught him courage and content,  
And patience under pain,  
When they had left the settlement  
To buy and build again.

And when, at last, the hardships broke  
Her strength, awhile she lay:  
Of love to God and man she spoke,  
And then she passed away.

No church was in the solitudes,  
Nor church-yard for the dead;  
And so, amid the lonely woods,  
They made the mother's bed.

And little Abraham, weeping there,  
Cried: "Mother, I will be  
In heart as true, in life as fair  
As you have hoped of me!"





Beside that grave the boy began  
To think, and work, and wait, —  
To make himself an honest man  
And worth a better fate.

Whatever offered to his hand,  
On that he set his mind:  
There was no boy in all the land  
As ready and as kind.

For he would work through sun or snow,  
And help, when there was need;  
And many a mile he'd gladly go,  
To find a book to read.

Few books there were could help impart,  
Few teachers could he find:  
It was his brave and patient heart  
That helped his eager mind.

So year passed onward after year:  
The boy grew tall and strong,  
And bold of will, — his only fear  
To do or suffer wrong.

And now the father, wandering west,  
By better promise drawn,  
Settled upon the prairie's breast  
Beside the Sangamon.

They built themselves a cabin rough,  
With walls of logs and clay:  
The doors and seats were oak-wood tough,  
The beds were prairie hay.

Around the chimney-place they drew  
Content, when winter came:  
The snow-flakes, whirling down the flue,  
Died ere they reached the flame.

With scanty space and humblest cheer  
The dreary days went by,  
Till spring had thawed the frozen year  
And warmed the gusty sky.

Then Abraham, strong from steady toil,  
Went forth with axe in hand,  
And while his father ploughed the soil  
He fenced the prairie-land.

Tree after tree, he made them fall, —  
The chestnuts, straight and thin:  
With stalwart arm he swung the maul,  
And drove the wedges in.

A fence around ten acres rose,  
And they who saw it, say  
That better, evener rails than those  
No man can split to-day.

When all was finished, Abraham said:  
"Now, Father, you've a home,  
With wood and grass, and meat and bread,  
So give me leave to roam!

"I'm twenty-one, and called a man,  
And greater grows my need  
(As 't was my own and mother's plan)  
To be a man indeed!

"Whate'er I've learned, I'm far behind;  
My chances here are few:  
And, feed the body, starve the mind, —  
That I shall never do!

"Whatever comes, I will not shirk  
My duty clear and plain:  
There must be knowledge, must be work,  
Which such as I can gain!"

Then forth he went. 'T was hard at first  
His bread alone to earn,  
While more than hunger, more than thirst,  
Was his desire to learn.

He felled the woods, he tilled the land, —  
Hard work and little pay;  
Yet honest heart and willing hand  
Will always make their way.

The people found that he was true,  
That toil to him was light, —  
That what he promised he would do,  
And what he did was right.

And soon a flat-boat, laden well,  
They gave into his care,  
To seek New Orleans, and to sell  
The boat and cargo there.

So Abraham, with his river-boys,  
Put off, and drifted slow  
Past wooded bluffs of Illinois  
And castled rocks below.

Missouri's mouth, that stains with mud  
The Mississippi's wave,  
They passed, and where Ohio's flood  
Washes the pirate's cave: —

Where, westward, woods of cypress stand  
In water to the knee:  
Where, eastward, rolls the pleasant land  
Of fertile Tennessee.

Where came, beyond the deserts born,  
Arkansas, bright and blue:  
Where Vicksburg rose against the morn,  
Beside the dark Yazoo.



On — on, by sun or light of stars  
They plied the heavy oar;  
Looked out for snags and sandy bars,  
And kept away from shore.

So winding with the winding stream,  
Still warmer grew the air,  
And changed, as in a wondrous dream,  
The Southern Land was there!

They saw the rich magnolias grow,  
The planter's home to screen:  
The ripened cotton shone like snow,  
The orange groves were green.

Till every cypress swamp was passed,  
And every river bend;  
And at New Orleans' wharf, at last,  
The voyage had an end.

Then Abraham, faithful to his trust,  
The boat and cargo sold,  
And home on foot, through mud and dust,  
Brought safe the owner's gold.

So trusted afterwards was he,  
That all the work he sought  
Was offered him, with leisure free  
For reading and for thought.

At first, he kept the village store;  
But, as his knowledge grew,  
The people honored him the more,  
And loved, the more they knew.

And when the State election came  
For men to make the laws,  
They called on Abraham Lincoln's name  
To represent their cause.

In little things a man is tried  
Till he is fit for great;  
He served his friends, and they with pride  
Sent him to serve the State.

Of form uncouth and manners plain,  
Yet, when his voice they heard,  
Men felt how sound and clear his brain,  
And listened to his word.

Yet more he studied, further rose  
From out his place obscure,  
Till, working in the path he chose,  
He made his fortune sure.

The boy had grown indeed a man,  
In power and will complete:  
And now a broader life began  
To spread before his feet.

His talents first the neighbors knew;  
The county knew him then,  
And then the State; until he grew  
A guide to other men.

His voice was heard in stern debates  
Where, eloquent and brave,  
He claimed that all our coming States  
Should never hold a slave.

His words went ringing through the land  
So simple yet so strong,  
That soon they roused a mighty band  
To meet the threatened wrong.

It was not long before men said:  
"He shall our leader be:  
His honest heart and good, wise head  
Will bring us victory!"

They made him then their candidate,  
As best of all they knew:  
They thought: "So well he served his State,  
He'll serve his country too."

Look, where he stands! In thirty years  
Since forth from home he went,  
From East to West the people's cheers  
Hail Lincoln President!

In thirty years the poor young man,  
Whose chances seemed so dim,  
Stands foremost in the Nation's van,  
And all look up to him!

The chosen Chief, he journeyed on,  
Received with glad acclaim,  
Until to stately Washington  
Across the land he came.

There on the marble portico  
He took the solemn oath,  
No separate North or South to know,  
But justly govern both.

Alas! you know what followed then:  
How many, led astray  
By words and acts of wicked men,  
Brought on Fort Sumter's day.

Brought on the day that lit the land  
With war's devouring flame,  
Till North and South on every hand  
To siege and battle came.

You know it all: you can't forget  
The names of many a day,  
When, armed for death, our blue-coats met  
The Southern coats of gray.

**LINCOLN AND HIS PSALM.**

Move on, ye pilgrims, to the Springfield tomb—  
 Be proud today, O portico of gloom,  
 Where lies the man in solitary state  
 Who never caused a tear but when he died  
 And set the flags around the world half-  
 mast.  
 The gentle tribute and so grandly great  
 That e'en the utter avarice of Death  
 That claims the world, and will not be denied.  
 Could rob him of his mortal breath.  
 How strange the splendor though the man be  
 past!  
 His noblest inspiration was his last,  
 The statues of the capitol are there  
 As when he stood upon the marble stair,  
 And said those words so tender, true and just,  
 A royal psalm that took mankind on trust—  
 Those words that will endure; and he in them  
 While May wears flowers upon her brodered  
 hem,  
 And all the marble snows and drifts to dust:  
 "Fondly do we hope, and fervently we pray

That this mighty scourge of war may speedi-  
 pass away;  
 With charity for all, with malice toward none  
 With firmness in the right  
 As God shall give us light,  
 Let us finish the work already begun—  
 Care for the battle sons, the nation's wounds  
 bind,  
 Care for the helpless ones that they will leave  
 behind,  
 Cherish it we will, achieve it if we can,  
 A just and lasting peace forever unto man!"  
 Amid old Europe's rude and thundering year  
 When people strove as battle-clouds are  
 driven,  
 One calm white angel of a day appears  
 In every year a gift direct from Heaven,  
 Wherein from setting sun to setting sun  
 No thought or deed of bitterness was done,  
 "Day of the truce of God!" Be this day ours  
 Until perpetual peace flows like a river.  
 And hopes as fragrant as the tribute flowers  
 Fill all the land forever and forever.

*Amer. Cultivator* — Benjamin F. Taylor.

Taylor, Howard S.

Lincoln

"Then God said, 'Let us make for us a man!'"

Lincoln

Then God said, "Let us make for  
us a man

To serve the epoch, now about  
to rise,

A man to fit our providential  
plan:

Patient, but brave, humane,  
but shrewdly wise;

Plain his ways, but powerful of  
speech;

Gentle, but strong in every  
time of doubt;

time of doubt;  
A man to feel, to lead, to inspire  
and teach,

and teach,  
To go before and lead my people out!"

And so, the Unseen Hand,  
through mist and cloud,

Reached down, but gave the  
child a humble strain;

child a humble strain,  
A cabin home, lest he be weakly  
proud;

A toilsome youth, lest he  
should learn disdain;

Long years of strife, lest he be  
weak of will;

weak of will;  
Long years of self-taught lore  
to taste and try;

to taste and try;  
Until the man was fashioned out  
—until

—until  
God called and Lincoln an-  
swered, "Here am I!"

Ah, then we knew him; Our  
poor human eyes,

poor human eyes,  
That had been holden, saw!  
And then we knew

And then we knew  
Another man commissioned from  
the skies

Had come and gone—as do  
the golden few;

the golden few;  
Knew that another Pentecostal  
flame

flame  
Would burn forever on Colum-  
bia's brow,

And reverent generations name  
the name

Of Abraham Lincoln countless  
years from now!

—Dr. Howard S. Taylor.

Do 20 Feb. 1909

2/12/43

## THE ART OF LIVING SUCCESSFULLY

February 1933



## LINCOLN

*Then God said, "Let us make for us a man  
To serve the epoch, now about to rise,  
A man to fit our Providential plan;  
Patient, but brave, humane, but shrewdly wise;  
Plain in his ways, but powerful of speech;  
Gentle, but strong in every time of doubt;  
A man to feel, to lead, inspire, and teach,  
To go before and lead my people out!"*

*And so, the Unseen Hand, through mist and cloud,  
Reached down, but gave the child a humble strain;  
A cabin home, lest he be weakly proud;  
A toilsome youth, lest he should learn disdain;  
Long years of strife, lest he be weak of will;  
Long years of self-taught lore to taste and try;  
Until the Man was fashioned out—until  
God called and Lincoln answered, "Here am I!"*

*Ah, then we knew him! Our poor human eyes,  
That had been holden, saw! And then we knew  
Another man commissioned from the skies  
Had come and gone—as do the golden few;  
Knew that another Pentecostal flame  
Would burn for ever on Columbia's brow,  
And reverent generations name the name  
Of Abraham Lincoln countless years from now!*

—Dr. Howard S. Taylor.



Wayne C. Temple

## Franklin sits in Lincoln's town

### Lincoln and Franklin

By Dr. Wayne C. Temple

When Lincoln walks  
'Round Franklin Square  
In dead of night,  
He must have talks  
With one who's there  
In bronzed moonlight.

For Franklin sits  
In Lincoln's town,  
And both these men  
Were known as wits  
Of great renown  
With word and pen.

What do they say  
About the past;  
Our rapid pace;  
Their U. S. A.  
That's changed so fast  
With flights in space?

The above poem, so appropriate on this eve of Lincoln's birthday, has been nominated for an award from The Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

The author is Archivist for



I heard them once—  
Mysteriously—  
And Franklin said  
We must ensconce  
Our Liberty  
For which we bled.

### Records Section

the State of Illinois State Archives. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Art, which is gained by an appointment from the Queen of England and in the society his name is joined with those of such famed persons as Charles Dickens and

The Railsplitter,  
Of humble birth,  
Agreed and cried  
That life's so bitter  
For half the earth  
Where Freedom died.

Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Temple is also editor-in-chief of the *Lincoln Herald*, a magazine devoted to historical research in the field of Lincolniana and the Civil War, and to the promotion of Lincoln ideals in American education.

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III. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IMMORTAL LINCOLN

We stand before you as before a shrine,  
And pray for your invisible support  
To guide our Ship of State in these dark days  
Back to a quiet, peaceful port.

Just as you, in days of war and waste  
Defied the foe, with courage calm and sure,  
So inspire the leaders in our land to-day  
Against the threatening times to stand secure.

*R. I. G. A. R. Flag Day 1923*

—Louise D. Tessin

**We Need You, O Lincoln!**

We need you now, O Lincoln! Dark  
is the day;  
Thick clouds of evil weigh upon  
the land;  
The vilest foes arise on ev'ry  
hand,  
And strive to sweep our liberties  
away.  
Ideals for which you e'er did fight  
and pray,  
The swelling mob and demagogue  
demand  
Shall be subverted and forever  
banned,  
While standards strange they fash-  
ion and display.  
O Great of Heart, your spirit we in-  
voke!  
Inspire our souls with\* all your  
martyred worth;  
Revitalize the mighty truths ye  
spoke:  
Your country once again must  
have rebirth,  
Which, lacking, it may pass beneath  
the yoke  
And ordered freedom perish from  
the earth. —M. H. Thatcher.

ANOTHER LINCOLN NEEDED

We need you now, O Lincoln! Dark  
is the day;  
Thick clouds of evil weigh upon  
the land;  
The vilest foes arise on ev'ry hand,  
And strive to sweep our liberties  
away.  
Ideals for which you e'er did fight  
and pray,  
The swelling mob and demagogue  
demand  
Shall be subverted and forever  
banned,  
While standards strange they fash-  
ion and display.  
O Great Heart, your spirit we invoke!  
Inspire our souls with all your  
martyred worth;  
Revitalize the mighty truths ye  
spoke:  
Your country once again must have  
rebirth,  
Which, lacking, it may pass beneath  
the yoke  
And ordered freedom perish from  
the earth.—M.H.T., Indianapolis  
News.



## Abraham Lincoln

Coral Thomas

THE lives of some men have been set apart,  
In consecration to a noble end,  
And all their days toward this high purpose tend;  
In solitude, or in the busy mart,  
No knowledge of this destiny athwart  
Their vision comes. They only comprehend  
And share the griefs of mankind, and befriend  
With keener sympathy and kinder heart.  
Lincoln was one of these: a valiant soul  
Who stood among his fellows to command  
The destinies of men. He was, in brief,  
A man so constituted that the whole  
Of his great-hearted nature stretched a hand  
To those who sorrowed, making his their grief.

AN ODE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NELLIE E. THOMAS.

**T**HOU breath of God, placed within that stalwart form  
To work out his Omnipotence,  
Born as lowly almost as the Christ Himself,  
Thou came'st when the time was ripe for thee,  
And thou wast needed to be used.  
It was not within thine heart,  
War and destruction for thy fellow man.

What! thou, Abraham with thy kindly face  
And loving tenderness, to see thy brother perish?  
Nay, Nay! That is what thou came'st for  
To conquer these great wrongs.

Ah! no, Thou had'st rather seen sweet peace  
Within the borders of thy land.  
Could'st thou have seen the end of thy brother  
Man's oppression, this would have been thy choice.

Thou wast sent of God, like the Christ  
For human woes to amend,  
If men would have it so: if not, like the Christ,  
Thou must, and did, bring sword.

For God's Own Love comes down to earth,  
And His Own methods prove,  
That He will often use man's own natural tendency  
To accomplish His designs.

sk. B. get 2/6/37

"Abe Lincoln was a common man,  
and common men are sturdy.

## Abe Lincoln Was a Common Man

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

*Abe Lincoln was a common man, and common men are  
sturdy,*

*Not overquick to follow any faddist hurdy-gurdy;*

*They earn with sweat and muscle, and they pay with  
cash in hand;*

*And wrestling with a stubborn earth, they deeply love  
the land;*

*They value education, and work hard for simple  
schooling;*

*And sometimes, as in Lincoln's case, they're rather  
good at ruling.*

*Abe Lincoln was a common man, and common men  
are workers,*

*With very little tolerance for those they feel are shirkers;*

*They don't expect that life will bring them livings on a  
platter,*

*And they've opinions of their own about the things that  
matter.*

*Abe Lincoln brought the common things, hard work and  
concentration,*

*Humor and faith and character—to most uncommon  
station!*

Feb 6, 1937

## THE TARGET

ALFRED D. MOORE, Assistant Editor



"Abraham Lincoln—the Hoosier Youth," by Paulanship  
Photo by Ewing Galloway

### Abe Lincoln Was a Common Man

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Abe Lincoln was a common man, and common men are sturdy,

Not overquick to follow any faddist hurdy-gurdy;  
They earn with sweat and muscle, and they pay with cash in hand;

And wrestling with a stubborn earth, they deeply love the land;

They value education, and work hard for simple schooling;

And sometimes, as in Lincoln's case, they're rather good at ruling.

Abe Lincoln was a common man, and common men are workers,

With very little tolerance for those they feel are shirkers;  
They don't expect that life will bring them livings on a platter,

And they've opinions of their own about the things that matter.

Abe Lincoln brought the common things, hard work and concentration,

Humor and faith and character—to most uncommon station!



## LINCOLN'S LAW CLERK.

*(Chris was my great uncle.—D. B. T.)*

No hint of history he shares  
Is here to curb his consternation.  
As Chris, Abe Lincoln's clerk, prepares  
To take his bar examination.

These lawyers know him through and  
through . . .

He mustn't let this quiz dismay  
him . . .

But Abe—no knowing what he'll do—  
Some tricky question may waylay  
him . . .

Well, here it comes—tall Lincoln  
looms

Above the boy, his eyes all twinkles,  
While Chris looks round the shabby  
rooms

(Wary of tricks) his brow in wrinkles.

"Here's the first question, Chris, my  
lad,

And there's no other on the docket:  
I know where oysters can be had—  
Have you what's needful in your  
pocket?"

Chris nods. His chief has under-  
stood

He has attained the sacred cloisters!  
He'll tell it later, "Abe was good.

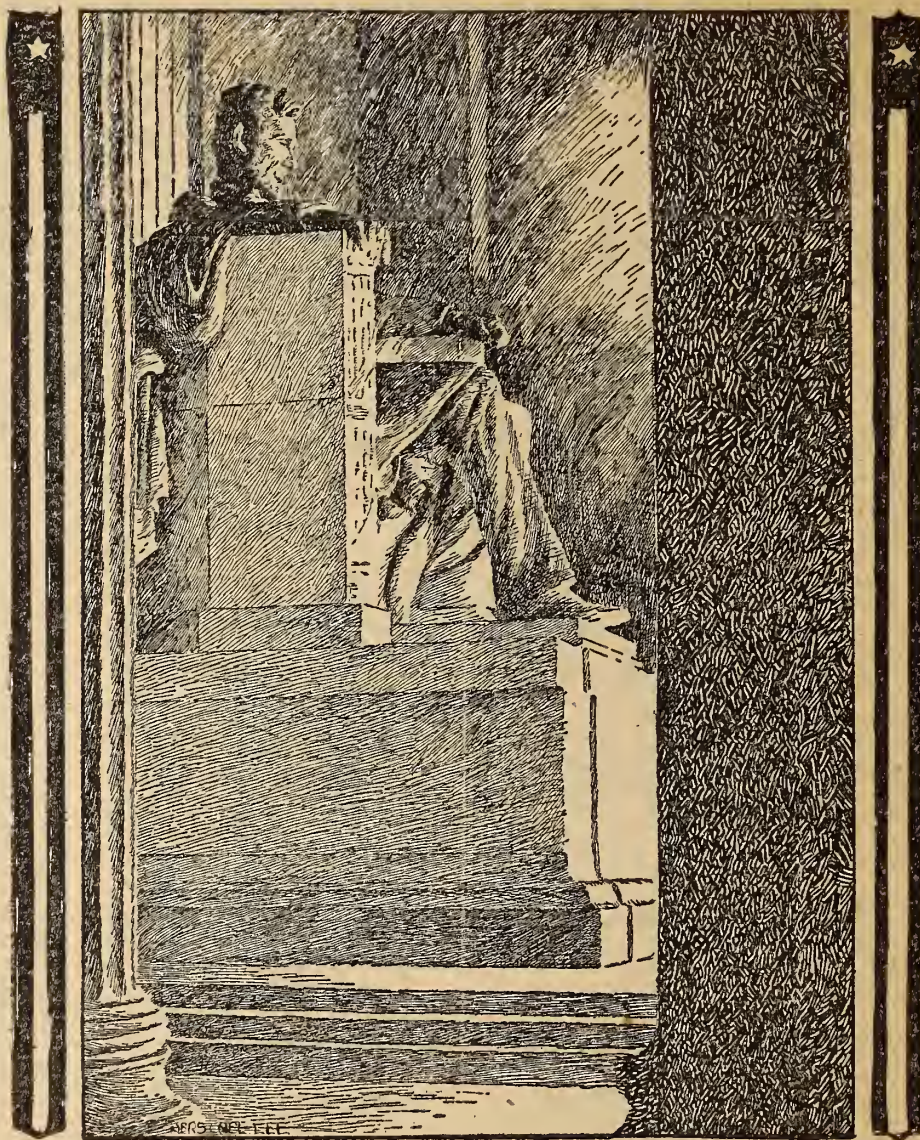
And so," with chuckles, "were the  
oysters!"

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON.

Thompson, Maurice

THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1929

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1865.



**H**E was the North, the South, the East,  
the West.

The thrall, the master, all of us in one;  
There was no section that he held the best;  
His love shone as impartial as the sun;  
And so revenge appealed to him in vain;  
He smiled at it as at a thing forlorn,  
And gently put it from him, rose and stood  
A moment's space in pain,  
Remembering the prairies and the corn  
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

—From an inscription by Maurice Thompson  
on the wall of the Lincoln birthplace Memorial,  
Hardin County, Kentucky.



# We Talked of Lincoln

By

EDWARD W. THOMSON

1910

**WE TALKED** of Abraham Lincoln in the night  
 Ten fur-coat men on North Saskatchewan's plain  
 (Pure zero cold, and all the prairie white),  
 Englishmen, Scotchmen, Scandinavian, Dane,  
 Two Irish, four Canadians,—all for gain  
 Of food and raiment, children, parents, wives,  
 Living the hardest life that Man survives,  
 And secret proud because it was so hard  
 Exploring, camping, axing, faring lean.  
 Month in and out no creature had we seen  
 Except our burdened dogs, gaunt foxes gray,  
 Hard-feathered grouse that shot would seldom slay,  
 Slinking coyotes, plummy-trailing owls,  
 Stark Indians warm in rabbit-blanket cowl,  
 And, still as shadows in their deep-tracked yard,  
 The dun, vague moose we startled from our way.

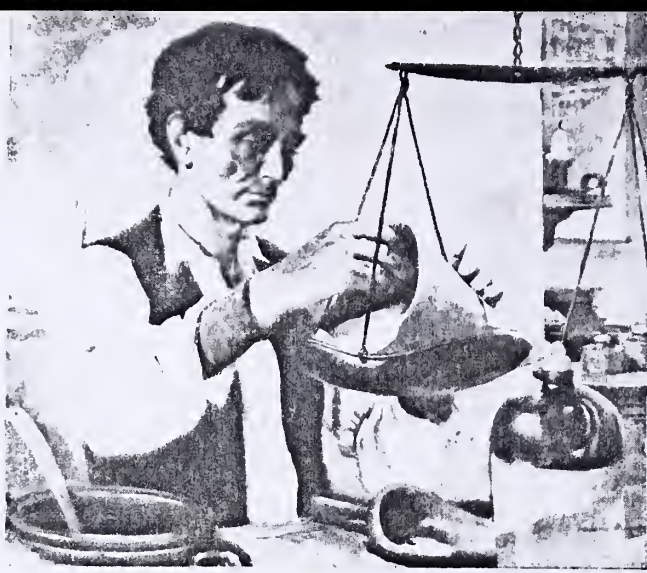
**WE TALKED** of Abraham Lincoln in the night  
 Around our fire of tamarack crackling fierce,  
 Yet dim, like moon and stars, in that vast light  
 Boreal, bannery, shifting quick to pierce  
 Ethereal blanks of Space with falchion streams  
 Transfigured wondrous into quivering beams  
 From Forms enormous marching through the sky  
 To dissolution and new majesty.  
 And speech was low around our bivouac fire,  
 Since in our inmost heart of hearts there grew  
 The sense of mortal feebleness, to see  
 Those silent miracles of Might on high  
 Seemingly done for only such as we  
 In sign how nearer Death and Doom we drew,  
 While in the ancient tribal-soul we knew  
 Our old hard-faring Father Vikings' dreams  
 Of Odin at Valhalla's open door,  
 Where they might see the Battle-father's face  
 Glowing at last, when Life and Toil were o'er,  
 Were they but stanch-enduring in their place.

**WE TALKED** of Abraham Lincoln in the night—  
 Oh sweet and strange to hear the hard-hand men  
 Old-Abeing him, like half the world of yore  
 In years when Grant's and Lee's young soldiers bore  
 Rifle and steel, and proved that heroes live  
 Where folk their lives to Labor mostly give.  
 And strange and sweet to hear their voices call  
 Him "Father Abraham," though no man of all  
 Was born within the Nation of his birth.  
 It was as if they felt that all on Earth  
 Possess of right Earth's greatest Common Man,  
 Her sanest, wisest, simplest, steadiest son,  
 To whom The Father's children all were one,  
 And Poms and Vanities as motes that danced  
 In the clear sunshine where his humor glanced.

**WE TALKED** of Abraham Lincoln in the night  
 Until one spoke: "We yet may see his face,"  
 Whereon the fire crackled loud through space  
 Of human silence, while eyes reverent  
 Toward the auroral miracle were bent,  
 Till from that trancing Glory spirits came  
 Within our semicircle round the flame,  
 And drew us closer-ringed, until we could  
 Feel the kind touch of vital brotherhood  
 Which Father Abraham Lincoln thought so good.

J WRIGHT

J. Wright 2/13/10



Courtesy, The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company

# The Story of Abraham Lincoln

Hazel M. Thomson

Teacher, First Grade, South Summit School,  
Kamas, Utah

Some say he had a homely face,  
This kind and lonely man,  
And he truly loved his country,  
A real American.

In a small Kentucky cabin,  
A tiny boy was born  
To Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks,  
One February morn.

When Abe was only eight years old,  
In sleet and cold and rain,  
His family moved on westward  
To build a home again.

They built a camp on Pigeon Creek,  
On the Indiana shore,  
A shack and then a cabin  
That didn't have a door.

Abe had a thirst for learning,  
His mind was keen and bright.  
He wanted so to study that  
He stayed up late at night.

There wasn't very often  
Any school where he could go,  
But he wrote and read and figured  
In the firelight's yellow glow.

In the forest, splitting rails,  
He always had a book,  
And when he had learned one thing,  
He would stop again and look.

Working on a flatboat,  
He saw something very bad—  
Negroes sold like cattle—  
And it made him very sad.

He tried many kinds of work—  
He clerked in a store,  
And at every chance he got,  
He'd read and read some more.

He worked here and he worked there,  
He tried this and that,  
He even carried letters  
In his tall black hat.

He had lived in poverty,  
In cabin and in tent,  
But he moved on and on and on,  
From rail splitter to president.

Lincoln found great happiness  
In being with his boys,  
In telling stories and reading books,  
Or playing with their toys.

When Lincoln was elected,  
It helped start the Civil War,  
And it brought the Negroes freedom  
That they'd never had before.

Many great Americans  
Are of the colored race,  
Lincoln would be happy  
To see them in their rightful place.

If Lincoln were alive today,  
He would work for war to cease.  
He'd help the United Nations  
To find a lasting peace.

Lincoln believed in justice,  
In freedom of men from birth,  
And that government of the people  
Should not perish from the earth.

This rhymed life of Lincoln can be used in a variety of ways. Several children can learn the verses to recite or they can read them well aloud while the scenes are being pantomimed. If this method is used, the dramatization should be kept simple with mere suggestions of costume and scenery.

Another way to develop the program would be for the teacher to read the verses to the children and let each child select a verse to illustrate. Have the children show their pictures in groups and let the class select the sixteen best ones.

Proper illustrations for the various verses should be discussed with the group before any pictures are made. The verses that are more abstract (1, 5, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16) will require more complete discussion. Except for drawing the general body shape—that is a tall, gaunt man—the children should not attempt to imitate pictures of Lincoln. Free expression is the aim, rather than the copying of an adult picture.



Thorn, James S.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"There are little knots on the  
corner today"

[From the Troy Times.]

**Abraham Lincoln.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1865.

There are little knots on the corners to-day,  
And with bated breath they utter  
Not alone a dirge o'er th' inanimate clay,  
But avenging whispers mutter.

There are aching hearts in the households to-night:  
There are eyes that are red with weeping,  
And the tender-hearts, oh not bursting quite—  
In the gall of despair are steeping.

They are sobbing to-day on the old camp-ground,  
And spirits undaunted by foemen,—  
That trembled not when the battery frowned—  
Are blanched as the cheek of woman.

Comes a Nation's wail o'er her prostrate son;  
For her joy has been changed to sorrow;  
She fears there's the dusk of doubt begun,  
And alas! who can tell the morrow?

So pure and so great,—aye, so grandly good,—  
"Sic Semper Tyrannis" belies him—  
In his noble life ever understood,—  
In his death shall our millions prize him.

Tho' the head lies low, yet the body lives,  
There are heart-strings that death cannot sever:  
He taketh away, but yet He gives,  
And the Union shall stand forever.

We are tasting to-day of the bitter cup;  
Oh lesson, we heed thy warning;  
We know of but ONE who can lift us up;—  
'Tis night—it will yet be morning.

Then bury together the present and past;  
By the quiet Potomac we'll place him.  
WASHINGTON—LINCOLN. The first and the last,  
Let the tomb of Mount Vernon embrace him.

JAMES S. THORN.

Glen Falls Messenger N.Y.

**LINCOLN.**

Today I stood on hallowed ground—  
Ground blessed by the feet of one of  
God's noblemen.

I walked under trees where he had stood,  
Trees deep in a wooded grove,  
Trees now held sacred.

In imagination I could see him walk—  
Tall, upright and grand—

Like the marble of a mountain,  
Head held high, eyes looking forward,  
Huge, but capable and gentle hands,  
As he grasped a branch to cast it aside  
Out of his way, so he would not tread  
On a bird with broken wing  
Which was in his path.

Such a heart, big and warm—  
Big enough to embrace the whole world.

Thus I stood today  
In silent worship beside the shrine  
Of the immortal Lincoln.

Tipton.

ELSIE THORNBURG.

*Index spotted Jan  
2/6/44*

## THE OLD RIFLEMAN.

BY FRANK TICKNOR, M. D.

Now, bring me out my buckskin suit,  
My pouch and powder too;  
We'll see if seventy-six can shoot  
As sixteen used to do.

Old Bess, we've kept our barrels bright,  
Our triggers quick and true —  
As far, if not as *fine* a sight,  
As long ago we drew.

And pick me out a trusty flint —  
A real white and blue;  
Perhaps 'twill win the *other* tint  
Before the hunt is through.

Give boys your brass percussion caps;  
Old "shut-pan" suits as well:  
There's something in the *sparks*, — perhaps  
There's something in the smell.

We've seen the red-coat Briton bleed;  
The red-skin Indian too;  
We never thought to draw a bead  
On Yankee-doodle-doo.

But, Bessie, bless your dear old heart,  
Those days are mostly done;  
And now we must revive the art  
Of shooting on the run.

If Doodle must be meddling, why,  
There's only this to do —  
Select the black spot in his eye,  
And let the daylight through.

And if he doesn't like the way  
That Bess presents the view,  
He'll, may be, change his mind, and stay  
Where the good Doodles do, —

Where Lincoln lives -- the man, you know,  
Who kissed the Testament;  
To keep the Constitution -- No,  
To keep the Government!

We'll hunt for Lincoln, Bess, old tool,  
And take him half and half;  
We'll aim to *hit* him, if a fool,  
And *miss* him, if a calf.

We'll teach these shot-gun boys the tricks  
By which a war is won;  
Especially, how Seventy-six  
Took Tories on the run.

**The Tribute—Abraham Lincoln**

Best-loved and noblest of our uncrowned kings  
(Though yet, of all the nations, none hath  
known

So great a line, so royal, as our own).  
Immortal Lincoln! Fadedless offerings  
From wise and great lie wreathed upon the  
shrine

A world hath reared him; I, who would not  
dare

To add one laurel to the riches there,  
Bring silent homage to that soul benign.  
Yet once, before his pictured face, I burned  
With quenchless ardor, though I knew the  
flame

Of all my praise would flicker undiscerned  
And lost, amid the glory of his fame;  
Then love constrained me, and with tears I  
turned

And taught a little child to love his name.  
—[Grace Agnes Timmerman, in House-  
keeper.

5/4/09

*Provisional Advocate*





## The Tribute

*BEST-LOVED and noblest of our uncrowned kings  
( Though yet, of all the nations, none hath known  
So great a line, so royal, as our own ).*

*Immortal Lincoln ! Fadeless offerings*

*From wise and great lie wreathed upon the shrine*

*A world hath reared him ; I, who would not dare*

*To add one laurel to the riches there,*

*Bring silent homage to that soul benign.*

*Yet once, before his pictured face, I burned*

*With quenchless ardor, though I knew the flame*

*Of all my praise would flicker undiscerned*

*And lost, amid the glory of his fame ;*

*Then love constrained me, and with tears I turned*

*And taught a little child to love his name.*

—GRACE AGNES TIMMERMAN.



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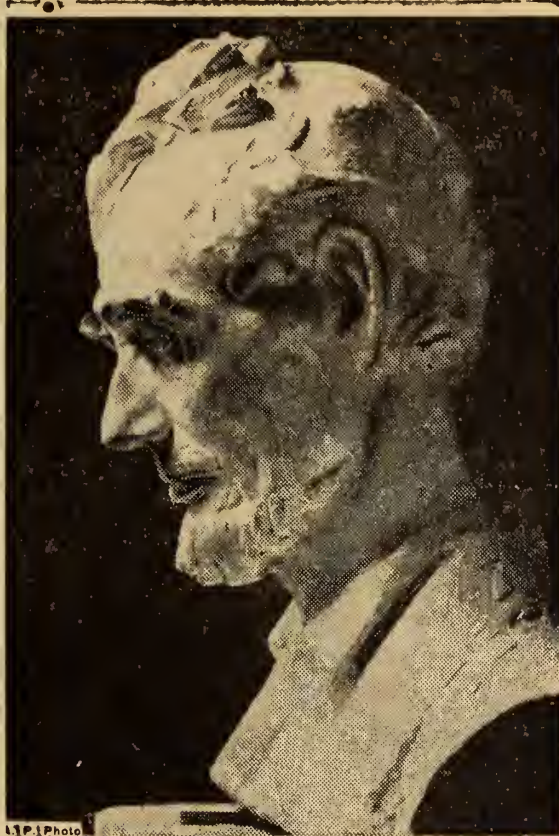
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—GRACE AGNES TIMMERMAN.

# BOSTON DAILY GLOBE



AP Photo

Detail of a statue by Andrew O'Connor  
for the State Capitol, Providence, R. I.

## Grandeur

What greatness and what grandeur dwelled within  
To lend to gauntness charm and lofty grace.  
Oft form and elegance are vapor-thin,  
And ever must to solid men give place.

They called him homely Abe who falsely viewed  
The visage furrowed deep with lines of care,  
But calumny nor insult ne'er subdued  
The magnitude of soul reflected there.

John F. Tirrell Jr.

Well  
Riv  
F





## Abraham Lincoln

*By James K. Tolkien*

Out of the purity of God's love,  
 Out of the truth from realms above,  
 Out of the strength of moral might,  
 Out of all justice and the right,  
 Into the heart of a people born,  
 Out of the brightness of the morn,  
 Out of the best we think or say,  
 Man of America came one day.

Out of the storm of a Nation's war,  
 Out of the sorrows that it bore,  
 Out of the great wounds that were healed  
 There on Old Glory's battlefield  
 Of hallowed moat and furrow deep,  
 At Gettysburg, where our heroes sleep;  
 Out of it all, in blest array,  
 Man of America lives today.

Bring forth the words that tint the flowers  
 And beauties of this land of ours,  
 Or glean them from the choicest pen  
 Of all the thousand tongues of men ---  
 We can but say: Behold the man !  
 We, in our feeble efforts, can  
 But stand in wonderment and say:  
 Behold the man! He lives today.



## Lincoln

God spoke within Himself, and said:  
"A Man I'll mold—and he  
Shall be as firm as granite rock!  
His heart—a minstrelsy!"

Thought-angels sent He on their way,  
Poised on their silver wings,  
That they might find and bring to Him  
Their noblest offerings.

(One angel brought the gift of Strength;  
And one Humility;  
And one the priceless gift of Love;  
And one brought Honesty.

(The Fearlessness of God one brought,  
And one sweet Mercy mild;  
While still another brought a Smile  
From face of little child.

(And still another brought a Song  
From out a humble breast;  
Another one brought Sympathy—  
And left to God the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then all alone in working place,  
With practised hand, He wrought  
Into the firm but plastic clay  
The gifts His angels brought.

Rugged and strong, from common earth,  
Chiseled with master stroke,  
God's spirit blazed within the mold,  
And Lincoln's soul awoke!

ED THE C. TONER

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EDYTHE C. TONER.

The Unveiling

The crowd was vast, and we,  
Far on its edge, could see  
The statue, bronze and dark,  
There in the leafy park,  
But not to recognize  
That brow, that mouth, those eyes.

A great one rose to tell  
The things we knew so well:  
"All patriots revere  
Him whom we honor here;  
A saint and martyr here--  
The idol of the free."

A figure gaunt and tall  
Towered above us all,  
With kindly face and sad.  
"Friend, I should be glad  
If you would be pleased to tell  
Who was this, loved so well?"

"Why, that--was Lincoln," I,  
Startled, made reply.  
"Oh, then there was," he said  
With nodding of the head,  
"Another of the name,"  
And vanished as he came.

Tracy, Eileen

KIND-HEARTED ABE

"Time should not let us forget"

KIND-HEARTED  
ABE

*By Eileen Tracy, 11 Sargent Street,  
Cherry Valley*

Time should not let us forget  
The brave and kind hearted Abe;  
For he gave many less sufferings to  
people,  
And brought joy to others who be-  
trayed.

Time should not let us forget,  
The time he walked home in the  
rain,  
Just to pay back the change he mis-  
laid,

While he talked and cheered the  
cheated maid,  
Whom he forgot to give back the  
money he mislaid.

Time will not let us forget,  
Many other deeds done by "Honest  
Abe."

He was so called by many other people,  
Whose change he had often mislaid.  
And now it is time to go,  
While you think over the actions,  
Of the brave and kind hearted Abe.



## LINCOLN.

A youthful artist, weary of age-old  
themes  
Of angels, heroes, saints and Cheru-  
bim,  
Gazed upon the canvas of the Occi-  
dent,  
And thought to paint the portrait of a  
MAN.  
He dipped his brush in pigment, som-  
ber-hued,  
And in forgetfulness, awhile he  
mused.  
In vision dream he saw the virgin  
plains,  
The forest, stream, the hills, the cliff  
and crag,  
The cataract that rolls majestically;  
He saw the storm, the lightning's  
blinding flash,  
He heard the hurricane, the thunders'  
crash,  
The elements composed his reverie.  
And then he heard the zephyrs whis-  
pering,  
He caught the low, sweet note of the  
thrush's song,  
The azure tint of skies, the quiet  
stars,  
The solemn stillness of the summer  
night.  
Inspired thus, he traced the rugged  
outlines—  
The tall, lank form, the easy, natural  
pose,  
The drooping shoulders, lean and sin-  
ewy neck,  
The thin, strong arms, the massive,  
bony hands,  
The bearded chin that rested on his  
breast,  
The homely, rough-hewn features,  
wandering hair,  
The deep, calm eyes, where sadness  
sat enthroned  
And under those sad eyes he wrought  
a smile.  
Then over all the artist cast a plan  
Of patience, humor, love and sympa-  
thy.  
He named the canvas "NATURE'S  
NOBLEMAN"  
And hung it in the Hall of History.  
There awhile unnoticed it remained.  
A few observed, and thought they  
saw in it  
A touch of genius, and they hurried  
on,  
Then came back to look again. Still  
others  
Came until at last the whole world  
stood  
In reverential awe and with one  
voice  
Proclaimed the modest work a MAS-  
TERPIECE.

D. C. TRAVIS.

Los Angeles Daily Times  
Feb 12 1921

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

They called him "Father Abraham" because they loved him well,  
Called him "Father Abraham," though "a hundred thousand fell."  
They called him "Father Abraham" because he led the way  
Through gloom and darkness to the dawn of Freedom's natal day.

They cared not where he came from or how humble was his birth,  
God's messenger he was to them, the noblest of the earth;  
Where'er a heart was beating which to loyalty was true,  
His word was all sufficient to inspire to dare and do.

They saw him bearing burdens such as Time had failed to see  
Since suffered in Judea's Land the "Man of Calvary";  
They saw his firm hand write the lines that set the Bondmen free,  
They saw him lead the Nation to its final unity.

They saw his Country mourn and weep around his martyred form,  
The flash of the assassin's shot, though calmed had been the  
storm;

And they lived to see as we do, upon the shaft of fame  
In letters of Eternal light, our Abraham Lincoln's name.

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

## Out of the Wilderness

("Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness . . . Down in Illinois"—Campaign Song of 1860)

Out of the wilderness, ax-cleared  
for the brash litter of towns,  
earth puckered by the bull-tongued  
out of New England, Pennsylvania,  
out of Virginia—  
Out of the wilderness of blood,  
random and pedigreed,  
haphazard genes and accidental names  
mingling in long-boned, Indian-haired,  
sad-eyed children—  
Out of the wilderness, out of the trough  
scooped in blue mountains of Virginia,  
out of the Shenandoah,  
Abraham, Bathsheba and their sons,  
Josiah, Mordecai and Tom,  
with meal and dried beef in their saddle-  
bags,  
full powder horns and the long rifles handy,  
over Boone's Trace, the Cumberland Gap,  
to the Green River of Kentucky,  
where innocent acres grew so tall with  
corn  
that cougar-footed Indians could hide,  
waiting for Abraham—

A girl, crossing the watersheds, climbed  
the passes of the mountains, singing,  
singing to the baby in her arms  
on the Wilderness Road,  
the cruel love songs of Virginia,  
the melodies as old as heartbreak, but the  
words  
already warped by distances,  
*Fair Ellendor* and *Barbary Ellen*,  
as the memory of sea blurs in the sound of  
grass.

Nancy would grow up small against the  
wilderness,  
dark-haired like her mother's song, and  
learn to read,  
lining the Bible out methodically.  
Her roots sheared by the mountains, save  
that some  
remnants of tales and tunes still troubled  
her, a scarf  
a pin, a skillet from the past.  
Restless with unshaped hungers, Nancy  
Hanks,  
leaned toward the tugging skyline in the  
West.

This was the girl Tom Lincoln hankered  
for,  
seeing her slim against the firelight.  
He talked of cutting timber, how he'd build  
a cabin of their own on Nolin's Creek  
among the flowering crab-apple trees.  
They might have known, so many crop  
years more  
in that stony yellow clay and they'd go on,  
on in the endless exodus—but then they'd  
take a boy, Kentucky-born,  
into the wilderness.

ULRICH TROUBETZKOY



Troubetzky,  
Ulrich

# Wilmington Morning News

Wednesday, October 16, 1957 **Newsbreak**

Page 27



Lubitch and Buncars

**THE WINNER**—Gov. J. Caleb Boggs (right) presents the Carrie Hoeffcker National Poetry Award publication, *Out of the Wilderness*, to Princess Serge Troubetzky.

David Hudson, poet laureate of the state, looks on. The princess uses the pen name of Ulrich Troubetzky.

## Once Was Important

### Ancient, Honorable Role of Poet or Bard Should be Restored, Herlihy Asserts

The ancient honorable role of the poet or the bard, should be restored in the community.

This was the plea made by Judge Thomas Herlihy, Jr., of Wilmington, in the course of remarks at the annual dinner meeting last night of the Wilmington Poetry Society and Delaware Writers, Inc.

He spoke of the days when the bard was one of the more important personalities in a community—a man who was held in high respect and esteem.

#### Award Presented

Judge Herlihy was one of a number of speakers at the dinner meeting held in the Arden Gild Hall.

Another of the highlights of the affair was the presentation of the Carrie Hoeffcker National Poetry Award to Ulrich Troubetzky, wife of Prince Serge Troubetzky, of Richmond, Va., for her book "Out of the Wilderness," a collection of poems about Lincoln.

The presentation of the award was made by Gov. J. Caleb Boggs on behalf of the Wilmington Poetry Society and Delaware Writers, Inc.

In response, Princess Troubetzky read a number of poems from the booklet whose first edition was distributed at the dinner and autographed later by the author.

The judges for the award were Dr. Sarah Bishop, Wilmington, Irvin C. Kremer of Lexington, Ky. and David Hudson of Wilmington and poet laureate of Delaware.

#### Work Praised

In his prefatory remarks, Governor Boggs praised the work of the two societies and expressed the hope that the dinner meetings of the societies, dedicated to poetry, would become annual affairs.

William P. Frank was toastmaster and reminded the poets that the year 1959 would be the 350th anniversary of the arrival of the first Europeans in the Delaware—the discovery of the Delaware Bay and River by Henry Hudson.

He said the anniversary certainly called for poems that re-

call the heritage of Delaware and the glories of her heroes and the lighter moments of the state's history.

Greetings were extended by H. D. Ware, senior trustee of Arden; Patrick Splane, representing Mayor Eugene Lamott, and Mr. Hudson, and Evelyn Behney, president of the Wilmington Poetry Society.

Troubetzkoy, Ulrich



### *Richmond Poet Wins Award*

Ulrich Troubetzkoy of Richmond receives the Carrie Hoffecker Memorial Award from Governor Caleb Boggs of Delaware. She was guest of honor at the second annual Poetry Day recently in Wilmington, Del. Before the banquet at which the award was presented, Mrs. Troubetzkoy received a key to the city from Mayor Eugene Lammot. She also took part in programs at the Wilmington Library, the Historical Society and the Art Center. Mrs. Troubetzkoy is director of research and information for the city of Richmond.



Rock Spring Farm

*W. H. Hanks, 2-12-79*

(Sunday, Feb. 12, 1809)

The cabin on the big South Fork  
Had one small window and a door,  
A stick-clay chimney, timber walls,  
And packed Kentucky earth for floor.

"My Nancy's got a baby boy,"  
Tom Lincoln shyly said and slow.  
"The granny woman's gone. Perhaps  
You could come down a spell below."

So Betsy Sparrow went with him  
Where Nancy lay so pale and worn  
Under the bearskins. Betsy washed  
The son that Nancy Hanks had borne.

She dressed him in a linsey shirt,  
A yellow woolen petticoat,  
And never dreamed the things she did  
Would live in songs and anecdote.

"What will you call him?" Dennis asked,  
Lifting the little one from bed.  
"For his grandfather—Abraham,  
And you be keerful," Nancy said.

ULRICH TROUBETZKOY.

# GREETINGS

from Allan M. Trout

"LEGEND HAS IT," reports Miss Grace Straughan, Hodgenville, "that a pioneer looking for a place to build a mill, chanced by accident to stop at the particular bend of Nolin River where now is the seat of LaRue County:

*It was a lush and verdant land  
He long had sought;  
He built a cabin there,  
A pleasing view on every hand;  
He looked from hill to hill  
And called it fair.*

*He cleared land and planted seed,  
And in the fall, upon the river bank,  
He built a mill.  
Men, wanting to grind their grist,  
Stopped by, and heard the news;  
Within the river bend new cabins rose,  
Today, it's Hodgenville.*

THANK YOU, Miss Straughan. The little story you relate is not all legend, by a long shot. It was in 1789 that Robert Hodgen built the mill you speak of, near the confluence of the three branches of Nolin River. Among his customers was a boy named Abraham Lincoln, from Knob Creek, seven miles distant.

E. V. MARCUM, Lothair, favors us today with a fearless report on the singularity of life as he has lived to experience it.

"It has been quite a while since I wrote you," Mr. Marcum begins, "but that question by Mr. Roy Price of Liberty—what is a one-gallus politician?—reminded me of an incident that happened when I was a boy.

"We lived almost in the head of a long hollow in the mountains of East Kentucky. Only one family above us lived farther from civilization.

"The man of the house above us had never gone to school a day in his life, but he wanted his children to get some book-larnin'. So he sent his oldest son away to school, somewhere

down in the Bluegrass part of the state. The boy had never been away from home before, or even out of the hollow where he'd been born.

"I will never forget the first letter the boy wrote home. Neither his father nor mother could read, so they brought the letter to me to read to them. It was brief and to the point. It simply stated:

"Dear Paw: Send me another gallus. They are wearing two down here."

"I have seen several old water mills, where corn was ground into meal years ago. I have never seen one in actual operation, but have heard several good stories in connection with them. For instance:

"A farmer was behind with his plowing, nevertheless he took his turn of corn to the mill on the one day of the week that the miller ground meal. The water was very low and could hardly turn the wheel, hence the meal trickled out very slowly. The farmer was in a big hurry to get back home. After watching the trickle a while, he remarked:

"I could eat that meal as fast as it is coming out."

"How long could you eat it?" asked the miller.

"Until I starved to death," he replied."

THANK YOU, Mr. Marcum, thank you very much. The farmer, in other words, was in the same frame of mind as the old lady on the Slow Train through Arkansas. She complained to the conductor that the train was too slow.

"Madam," he said, "if you don't like this train you can get off and walk."

"I would," she snapped, "but my folks are not expecting me until the train gets in."

THE BEST TIME for a man's ship to come in is before he is too old to navigate.—Beattyville Enterprise.



*Chicago Herald* LINCOLN. 2-12-39  
They say his enemies made a  
song,  
And something like this it  
ran:  
"You'd better not put his pic-  
ture up,  
If you want to elect your  
man!"  
But gone are those suave, well-  
tailored ones;  
Forgotten their ease and  
grace;  
The best-loved picture in all the  
land  
Is his gaunt and kindly face.  
We gaze in those deep, un-  
flinching eyes,  
And well in our hearts recall  
His deathless words: "... With  
malice to none ...  
With charity for all!"  
—Dorothy O'Reilly Tucker,

LETTER TO LINCOLN

Sir, I have wished these many years to write  
A few words for your reading, if you will.  
Eternity being long and full of light,  
And death so small an intervening hill  
Between our worlds, that which I have to say  
I say with confidence, even at this late day,  
Knowing it will be understood aright.

I was born on a battlefield that lies  
In that same land whence your own fathers drew,  
Where the first English footprint shows as clear  
As yesterday,—a land beneath whose skies  
The bright transplanted flower of freedom thrust  
Its roots into a new and alien dust  
To flourish again, stronger with every year,—  
A fair soil favored of heaven, a glorious land,  
Until (so I was taught) at your command  
Its glory fell. That was the word I had  
From dawn of life, the food on which I fed.  
My chief of bugaboos was a hard face

Staring through bitter battle smoke. They said  
The life blood of my proud and passionate race  
Was on your hands; the acid of old hate bit  
Into my candid heart your grim renown.  
I used to lie awake at night and sweat:  
How could God make so bad a man and let  
Him live so long before he smote him down?

Yet sometimes, restless in my trundle-bed,  
Thinking of you perversely for the sake  
Of scaring myself and lying long awake,  
I'd trace you over the door: ungainly head,  
Gnarled features; and staring so once, against my will  
I saw a look of sudden laughter run  
Into your steadfast eyes, a glint of fun,  
Like wind-blown sunlight over a rocky hill,  
Unheralded yet there,—as though you said,  
*Come, would I eat you?* Whereon, great ado  
I had to keep from laughing back, which would  
Have meant my soul's perdition, well I knew,—  
The Bad Place kept for renegades, in short.

So, burrowing under the quilts with righteous snort,  
I shut away the unregenerate view  
And thanked my stars that Southerners were good.

Thus, cursed by bell and book and candle for me,  
(Cursed harder had my tribe learned the disgrace  
Of twinkles from so fell a source), your face  
Dimmed over my nursery door. Then Destiny,  
Who works in large, bold patterns, throwing away  
The snarly threads of animosity  
And ancient pique, as injuring the design,  
And uses instead broad weaves of warp and ply,—  
Destiny sent me one astounding day  
To do my stint north of that mystic line,  
Mason and Dixon's, that unswerving mark  
That all my life had stood up straight and stark  
Between God's Eden and the Outer Dark,  
Set by his rigid hand. I feared to go,  
But must for reasons past my say, and so  
Went, reckoning myself as good as lost,  
Treading light, with fingers crossed.



Then . . . there again, after so long, I came  
Upon you looming, this time as a god  
Or little less, shining with such a flame  
That women lighted candles at your name  
And men before your glory walked unshod,  
As Moses at the bush in Midian,—  
You that I cast out long ago, and cursed.  
I saw my last state harder than my first.  
Even to mention you as mortal man  
And therefore fallible, was to incur  
Cold, glass-eyed scorn. I who had firmly tried  
To stare you down in virtuous infant pride  
And ducked beneath the covers when you were  
More than my match,—I saw you fronting me  
Anew. . . . Hast found me, O mine enemy?

The first dilemma, only now inverted,—  
Anyway, wrong side out, I thought. And then,  
At some such icy moment, disconcerted,  
I'd see your eyes challenging mine again,  
Kindling to rueful laughter, with a look  
That almost said, if you'd the choice to make

Between incense and brimstone, you would take  
The brimstone; if you must, under duress,  
Don hoofs or halo, hoofs would irk you less,  
Prove lighter handicap in time's long plan. . . .  
But that your changeless preference was to be  
Remembered by your fellows as a man.  
And once, I swear, when the *Te Deums* began  
Again I saw that twinkle of long ago  
Flash at me: *Up and speak your mind! You know*  
*Better than this. Come, tell them what you see!*

But . . . speak my mind, tell what I saw. . . . And  
what

Might that be? Peering through a fog to trace  
An object on a hilltop, men behold  
One vision in a dozen different ways,  
Some seeing giant, some ogre, some the face  
Of Daniel or Messiah. I had been told  
With no equivocation what I must see,  
What I must do having seen it—bend the knee,  
Turn on my heel; cover a reverent gaze,

Mutter quick exorcisms as of old. . . .  
I had been straitly told.

Nay, if I once could see, I must decide  
Myself, whether to kneel or to resist,  
Being, spite of conquerors, a freeman still  
And master of my uninvaded will. . . .  
Once I could see. But flaming passion and pride  
Mingled with cold resentment brewed a mist  
So dense it hid the Figure on the hill;  
Mist, fog,—and nothing beside.

How should I see? Not, surely, by the aid  
Of that old medium, that mechanical mystery  
Named (lacking a better name) Recorded History,—  
That complicated tube through which men spy  
One at a time, each with one eager eye,  
Shifting the lens a dozen ways to suit  
His special sight. Humanity cannot cope  
With the confusions of that telescope,  
Each sighter juggling to his own small range  
The authentic scene not even God's lens could change.

Well, this disputed Scene of ours some way  
Will clear, this Case be somehow straightened out,  
Even if it's shelved until the Judgment Day. . . .  
Meantime, can rest with all its large array  
Of odd exhibits: issues dulled by doubt,  
Old, aching problems,—oddest of them all  
Maybe, States' Rights, that strange perennial  
That with fantastic diligence men guard  
On their own premises but fiercely root  
Out of a neighbor's yard.

For my part, I am willing to wait, being sick  
At last of frazzled controversies thick  
With grime of years. I could not, under oath,  
Say whether the Merrimac or Monitor  
Drew off, one noisy hour, with honors of war,  
Or if indeed either one did,—or both.  
And though I feed my kitchen fire today  
On hickory peppered to the core with shot  
Lodged in green saplings seventy years ago  
At fierce Cold Harbor; though near Seven Pines  
Hunting anemones, I stumble slow



Today in grassy trenches, (so my lot  
Is bounded by the ancient battle-lines) ;—  
Still I am sure of nothing save that here  
My heritage lies unharmed, the fair confines  
To which I still can read my title clear:  
Home, firewood, flowers, all the heart holds dear. . . .  
That more I do not need to understand,  
Citizen, at length, of a beloved land.

Some problems have to fall away to dust  
Unsolved, some riddles unread by seers and sages;  
Even the tall recording angel must  
Agree to take a few hard points on trust,  
Make use of tentative footnotes in his pages,  
Put in an entry now and then, I think,  
In pencil or in disappearing ink,  
Subject to alteration with the ages.  
However that may be, I must as one  
A little lower than an angel wait  
Longer before I enter in my book  
The final word, the far, the ultimate  
Decision.

When I was seven years old or so,  
Astonished at life, though doubting in no wise  
That things were as they seemed, I used to go  
Full tilt, heading a queue, to scrutinize  
A baffling picture on the drug-store wall,  
A freakish thing that plagued and pricked us all  
Beyond endurance, till we scarce could see  
For sheer exasperation, though held in thrall.  
Viewed from the right it gave us General Lee,  
Whereat we glowed approval, every one,  
But scowled at from the left affronted our gaze  
With U. S. Grant, which put us in a pother,  
So that we milled, treading on one another,  
Craning our heads a dozen different ways,  
Fretting and fuming. Never it helped the case  
To halt in front, at last, well-nigh undone,  
And find ourselves incredibly face to face  
With neither Lee nor Grant, but Washington.

The druggist could not help; he'd only say,  
"All I can tell you is, it's made that way."  
But other grownups glibly undertook

The task. Our picture had angles, so they said;  
It all depended on the way we'd look,  
Whether to right or left or straight ahead;  
We'd simply make our choice among the three:  
In short, we'd see just what we wished to see. . . .  
Which we had known already, so took in chilling  
Silence, and went on milling.

I had forgotten that picture long ago;  
It slipped back suddenly after all these years,  
I do not know the reason. This I know,—  
My letter grows too long.

Sir, as it nears

Its end,—having touched on pictures, I would say  
That when I see you through the mist today,  
(Battle smoke, incense, whatsoever it be),  
This much from any angle I can see:

A man wrought for his hour and called by fate  
To front the earth in a dark time of hate,  
Who answered the call, yet not in hate, to see  
Only the massed and mustered enemy,

Never the single foeman; who discerned  
Hate for himself so dimly that he turned  
Even at the last, death's most envenomed dart,  
And triumphed; a fighter not preoccupied  
With war; a man. . . . I have no words to use  
Save childlike ones . . . a man of gentle heart,  
Of hurtless soul.

I pray you to accept  
My homage for that,—your calm and even-eyed  
Tolerance when others were claiming bitter spite  
And wrath as their inalienable right,  
Calling it holy duty. I have kept  
This in my memory ever since you chaffed  
My brashness from the nursery wall, and laughed  
My baby anger down in the dark night.  
This have I cherished, and nothing need beside.

And though my thanks are long time overdue,  
Remember what they had to filter through,  
What strata of hereditary pride  
And spleen, what barriers of your over-praise  
(Or so I deemed it) in the later days.



This much I ask: if I was hard and narrow,  
Know my repentance had to work its way  
—A stream seeking its level—up through clay  
And stony rock, ay even through bone and marrow.  
To flow in light of day.

It comes to this at last: Others must name  
Your worth as statesman, hero, gauge your merit  
As master and chief; my fealty is tendered  
Now, after fifty years, for service rendered  
My own peculiar spirit.

Those to whose nursery you never came  
May chart your memory and measure your fame  
And prophesy how long you shall endure,  
And praise your story,—

I, with heart and mind,  
Herewith above my humble signature  
Thank you profoundly, sir, for being kind.

Brooklyn LINCOLN *James Lincoln*  
 There was a boy of other days, *2-12-35*  
 A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,  
 Who trudged long, weary miles to  
 get  
 A book on which his heart was set—  
 And then no candle had!

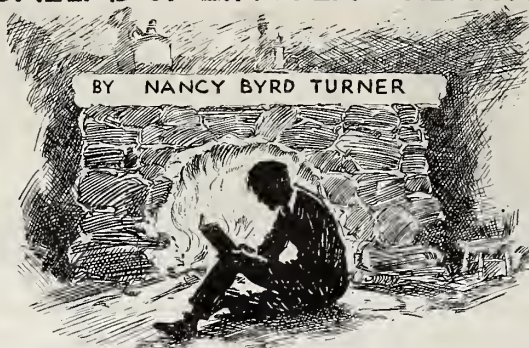
He was too poor to buy a lamp  
 But very wise in woodmen's ways.  
 He gathered seasoned bough and  
 stem,  
 And crisping leaf, and kindled them  
 Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,  
 The firelight flickered on his face,  
 And etched his shadow on the gloom,  
 And made a picture in the room,  
 In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years  
 went,  
 But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,  
 He met them all. And when today  
 We see his pictured face, we say,  
 "There's light upon it still."

NANCY BYRD TURNER.  
 Sent by ROBERT STEPHAN

## BALLAD of LINCOLN'S HEARTH



Days were clipped at the turn of the year;  
Dark shut early with work all done.  
He must read, he must read! but candles were dear;  
He lacked the price of a single one.  
Candles for homes where the roofs were high,  
A cabin must fare as best it could.  
When the sun dropped out of his winter sky  
He kindled a light from common wood.

Tallow and wick well out of his reach,  
He cut him a light from the hardy core  
Of hickory, elm, and sturdy beech,  
Butternut, poplar, and sycamore:  
Stuff long seasoned by sun and rain,  
Cured with the sap of the living earth—  
Root and fibre and bark and grain  
It leapt to light on the shadowy hearth.

It wove on his book a pattern of flame;  
It burnished rafter and sill and beam;  
It lighted old tales of valor and fame  
And things young dreamers have dared for a  
dream:

Rich pine rosin and cedar bark  
Painted a radiance on his face;  
Glory burned in the chimney place.  
The cabin window flared in the dark.

Candles came dear for simple folk;  
Pennies were scarce. But his arm was good  
And it hewed him a fire from ash and oak.  
There's a long light hidden in common wood.

*Amesbury Feb 1936*

Lincoln

By Nancy Byrd Turner

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A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,  
Who trudged long weary miles to get  
A book on which his heart was set—  
And then no candle had!

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But very wise in woodmen's ways.  
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And crisping leaf, and kindled them  
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We see his pictured face, we say,  
"There's light upon it still."



## LINCOLN.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

ARE chivalry and passion past away?  
 Are all the days of epic grandeur dead?  
 Doth Plutus hold the universal sway,  
 That gods and heroes from the earth be fled,  
 On whom of old the Muse her glory shed?  
 Or shall the heart of ages throb again?—  
 Again the book be opened, where we read  
 Of bygone deeds supernal? Now, as then,  
 Men are potential gods, gods but immortal men.

The deathless spirit of Democracy,  
 Confronting all emergencies, arose  
 To teach the lesson of the century,  
 Illumined by the bravery of those  
 Who still were brothers, though unyielding foes.  
 On both sides, courage holding death in scorn;  
 On both sides, honor, that to battle goes,  
 Not seeking gain, nor all to glory sworn,  
 But fighting for a flag, in proud defiance borne.  
 "Mine eyes have seen," the Northern soldiers sang,  
 "The glory of the coming of the Lord!"  
 "My Maryland!" from Gulf to Richmond rang,  
 And wakened Southern hearts with every word.  
 Men left the plowshare and unsheathed the sword;  
 Converging armies covered hill and plain;  
 Long-gathered gold was lavishly outpoured;  
 And proud and patriotic souls were fain  
 To think that Chivalry had sprung to life again.

Lincoln arose! the masterful great man,  
 Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt and fear,—  
 A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran  
 The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,  
 Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.  
 A will whose force stern warriors came to ask,  
 A heart that melted at a mother's tear—  
 These brought he to his superhuman task:  
 Over a tragic soul he wore a comic mask.

He was the South's child, more than of the North:  
 His soul was not compact of rock and snow,  
 But such as old Kentucky's soil gives forth,—  
 The splendid race of giants that we know,  
 Firm unto friend, and loyal unto foe.  
 Such birthrights all environment forestall,  
 Resistlessly their tides of impulse flow.  
 This man who answered to his country's call  
 Was full of human faults, and nobler for them all.

He is a life, and not a legend, yet:  
 For thousands live who shook him by the hand,  
 Millions whose sympathies with his were set,  
 Whose hopes and griefs alike with his were grand,  
 Who deeply mourned his passing. They demand  
 Our homage to the greatest man they saw,—  
 They, his familiars; and throughout our land  
 The years confirm them, over race and law:  
 Even of rancor now the voice is hush'd in awe.

The blessings of a new-enfranchised race,  
 A nation's tribute to its counselor,  
 The love of all his kind, unite to grace  
 His fame, who stood in Freedom's darkest hour,  
 Raised by the hand of God to wield a power  
 Benignant, wise and gentle, yet to be  
 The ruling spirit of a mighty war,  
 Bathed in its blood, and after victory  
 Crowned with a martyr's crown for all humanity.

Lincoln.

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—Henry Tyrrell in Frank Leslie's Popular  
Monthly For February.







